

# RUTHVEN'S WARD

BY FLORENCE MARRIAT.



## CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

The girl followed him into the tiny sitting room, which her presence seemed to light up like a sunbeam. She was very timid and shy with him, and her voice trembled as she tried to appear at ease.

"Did you have a comfortable journey here?" demanded Ruthven.

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Ruthven. It was rather warm in the train, but we kept the windows open."

"And you like coming—to London?"

"Yes, thank you."

"You must try and look on this as your home now, you know."

"Yes, thank you."

They had positively got no more out than this when Garrett bustled into the room.

"Well, Miss Margaret, hadn't you better come upstairs and take off your things? I'm sure you're tired."

The girl turned and prepared obediently to follow her. Ruthven called the housekeeper back.

"What room did you intend Miss O'Reilly to take her meals in, Garrett?"

"Why, didn't you tell me with your own lips that she was to take them in the back dining room?"

"But that will be very dull for her, won't it?"

"That's your lookout. I should say it would be."

"The rooms are so small and close with the folding doors shut. It seems a pity to divide them."

"What do you propose, then, Mr. James?"

"Well, don't you think she could dine with me and Mr. Hamilton?"

"That's as you like, sir. She's fit to do it, in my opinion."

"Oh, of course, only I thought it might be awkward. But, after all, she's a sort of adopted daughter of mine, isn't she, Garrett?"

"Just so, Mr. James, and I say the parlor is the fittest place for her."

"Let it be so then until—until she leaves us again. And her bed room, Garrett, is it nice?"

"It's as good as I can make it, sir; but I can't say it's over and above much."

"I must see it altered to-morrow. Go to the child now, and make her comfortable; and—and I don't think I shall go out to the club this evening, Garrett. It's Miss O'Reilly's first day at home, and I should like to make her welcome; so get us a nice little dinner here; will you, please?"

"Very good, sir," replied Garrett, chuckling in her sleeve as she hurried upstairs after her charge.

She found Margaret in her own bedroom, gazing fixedly at the four-poster.

"This is not your room, Miss Margaret," she said; "you are to sleep in the next. It's rather small, but you won't mind that, I'm sure."

But the girl had not moved from her position.

"I remember it all now," she said presently, as she turned to the old woman and pointed to the bed. "How you bathed me in warm water, and put on me one of your own nightgowns, and placed me in that bed; and I couldn't believe it at first. It was all so wonderful and strange. Oh! how good you have been to me! How good he has been! How good everybody has been! What was I—what had I done that he should have picked me up and made what I am? Oh! how good he is! how very, very good!"

And Margaret, with the full tide of recollection flowing in upon her, flung herself on her knees by the bedside, and burst into a flood of tears.

Mrs. Garrett was scarcely less shocked at the occasion of the act than at the act herself. She thought the girl had forgotten all about those early days.

"What are you talking of, Miss Margaret? You must never allude to those times, my dear. You must forget them altogether."

"I will never forget them again, Mrs. Garrett. I will remember them all my life. I have been an ungrateful girl to forget them so long."

"Come, come! Mr. James will not be pleased to hear you speak like this. He has just told me you are his adopted daughter, and to be treated as such. So, take off your hat and smooth your hair, and go down and talk to him in the parlor, whilst I get dinner ready for you both."

were, it was not the custom for young ladies to rush about London under the chaperonage of boys of nineteen. Young Shore looked rather crest-fallen at the rebuke, but his enthusiasm remained unabated.

"Then you'll take her, uncle, will you not?"

"Perhaps; if I have time."

"Don't you think she will enjoy it all immensely?"

"Doubtless. You enjoy your music halls and casinos, but they are the last places in the world I wish to see you visit."

"You are rather hard on pleasure, uncle."

"I am hard on wasted time, at a period of life when time is most precious. Yet, if Margaret likes to visit the theaters—"

"Oh! I should enjoy it above all things, Mr. Ruthven."

He looked at her sparkling, earnest eyes, and feared he should be able to deny her nothing.

"Then we will go sometimes, so long as late hours do not interfere with your health. Tell Mrs. Garrett to get you anything you may require for to-morrow night, and we will pay a visit to 'The Poisoned Flower.'"

How many people who saw the beautiful girl in the dramatist's box on the succeeding evening, and raised their glasses to try and discover who she might be, could have guessed she was identical with a ragged little waif picked up from the police court? Ruthven, himself, appeared to have forgotten it, as he parried the many questions that assailed him and took a delight in mystifying his auditors. Hamilton Shore, who had already whispered sufficient compliments in Margaret's ear to make her feel pleasantly conscious and flattered in his presence, took up a station by her side all the evening, and for the first part of it she was too much dazzled and excited to do more than look at the house and audience in a restless, fluttered manner. But when she had leisure to listen to what was passing on the stage, she became conscious of a history being depicted there that riveted all her attention. "The Poisoned Flower" was supposed to be taken from the French, but Ruthven had twisted both characters and situations so as to suit his own convenience. The principal personages in it were an orphan and her benefactor—a mysterious benefactor, who loaded her with every good, but would never allow that he was entitled to any thanks in return. At the close of the play, when the orphan was surrounded by every sort of trouble, her guardian was discovered to be her father, and able to help her out of them all. This drama appeared to make a great impression upon Margaret. From the moment she began to attend to the story, she became preoccupied, silent, and unlike her former bright self. Hamilton Shore could not imagine what had come over her. Half a dozen times did he try to attract her notice, or rouse her interest, but without success.

"See, Margaret! there are the Prince and Princess of Wales—just come into the box opposite to us. That is the princess with the big bouquet in front of her. I wonder if uncle knows it; how pleased he will be."

Margaret just lifted her eyes for a moment, and then let them dwell upon the figures of the future king and queen of England, and then refixed them on the stage.

"Margaret, you are twice as pretty as the Princess of Wales," whispered Hamilton Shore. "You look as white as a pearl in this gas-light. I should like to call you 'Pearl,' if you don't mind. It's the meaning of your name, you know."

"I don't mind it. You may call me what you like—only don't speak to me just now, please."

"What do you find so absorbing at this moment? I think this the least interesting part of the play. The old man's speeches are long."

"Pray, hush!" replied Margaret; and Hamilton, with a touch of the old sulks, retreated to the back of the box, and left her to herself for the remainder of the evening. When she returned home, and Mrs. Garrett was helping her to undress, she also observed the girl's unusual thoughtfulness.

"Has the gas made your head ache, Miss Margaret? It always do with me, and that's the reason I never put my foot into a theater from year's end to year's end."

"No. We always had gas at Pomona Villa, and I'm used to it," replied Margaret; "but, Mrs. Garrett, I want to ask you a question."

"What is it, my dear?"

"Do tell me all about my father and mother!" exclaimed the girl, with sudden impulse, as she cast her arms about the housekeeper's neck.

"Lor! bless your dear heart! I've nothing to tell, for I know no more of them than the dead. I suppose they're gone, and I hope they're in heaven; but I shan't know them from Adam when I meet them there."

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

How He Liked It.

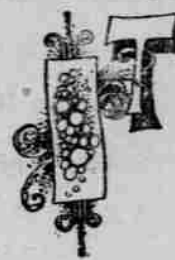
"Ices are so delicious in summer. Don't you like ice, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, when a bottle of champagne rests on it."—Humorist's Blazer.

## WON A BIG PRIZE.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S LATEST STORY BROUGHT \$10,000.

He Entered a Newspaper Contest and Bagged the Highest Prize—Competition Was Open to the World—His Various Productions.



HE success of Julian Hawthorne in the competition for the \$10,000 prize offered by a New York paper is not a great surprise to those who have closely observed his career in literature during the past few years. The competition was open to the world, and there were plenty of aspirants for the tempting award, but Mr. Hawthorne is easily recognized as among the foremost novelists of the time, and that he should have achieved this marked triumph in literature will be a matter of general satisfaction. He was born in Boston in 1846, entered Harvard college in 1863, and though he failed to receive the degree with which his colleagues in the class were decorated, he excelled them all in athletics and was consoling in the hour of disappointment by his friend, John C. Heenan, the prize fighter, who assured him he would be a successful prize fighter, and urged him to adopt that occupation. He didn't follow the advice, though strongly inclined to do so, for his illustrious father had warned him to try to earn an honest living in any other way than by authorship. He tried to be a civil engineer, succeeded measurably in mastering that difficult profession and was for a period employed in the New York department of docks under General George B. McClellan. He grew weary of the work, however, and in 1872 gave it up and went to Dresden with his wife and child. During the latter part of his residence in New York he had, to use his own language, "contracted a deleterious practice of writing short stories for the magazines," which he followed up during his residence abroad by the production of a novel entitled "Bressart," which was published in England and America, and was regarded as a work of much merit. Since that numerous works have followed, among which were "Saxon Studies," "Garth," "Sebastian Strome," "Sinfire" and "Archibald Malmalson," the last two of which he rates among his best works. The prize winner in the recent contest is entitled "Between Two Fires," and strangely enough another of the competitors had chosen the same title for the work he submitted, but without the least depreciation of the others it may be said that there were no two opinions among the judges



JULIAN HAWTHORNE. as to which was the most deserving of all the contributions. Mr. Hawthorne's work is a brilliant representation of contemporary American life, with a plot full of novel situation and dramatic incidents. It shows a keen observation and stamps its author as a minute dissector of character, a realist and a romanticist of unique conception and great power. The novel was written by Mr. Hawthorne in Jamaica, whither he had gone in 1893. It was sent to his friend, J. M. Stoddard, of the Transatlantic Publishing company, New York, under a pledge of solemn secrecy and was forwarded by him through the ordinary methods. The second prize in the novel contest was won by the Rev. W. C. Blakeman, of Islip, N. Y. His work is entitled "The Black Hand," and the prize amounts to \$2,000. The third prize, \$1,000, in that class has been awarded to Mrs. Bond Valentine Thomas, of Millville, N. J., who competed under her maiden name, Edith Carpenter. Her novel is entitled "Your Money or Your Life." The prize of \$3,000 for the best novelette was awarded to Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, of Washington, D. C., whose work is entitled "The Sprightly Tale of Marsac." The \$2,000 prize for a short story was won by Edward Fawcett, of New York, for a story entitled "A Romance of Old New York." The \$1,000 prize in the epic poem contest was awarded to an anonymous writer whose pseudonym is "Sangamon," but whose identity has not thus far been established. All the contributions were submitted anonymously, that being one of the conditions laid down.

## LATE NEWS NOTES.

Wisconsin will have a statehood celebration in 1898.

Argentina will pay bounties for exports of sugar hereafter.

Ashantee war is over, British terms of peace being accepted.

Omaha joins Kansas City as an election fraud town, and recounts are in order.

Rev. Father O'Gorman has been appointed Catholic bishop of Sioux Falls, N. D.

Next national convention of the W. C. T. U. will be held in San Francisco in October.

Fourteen persons were poisoned at a log-rolling at T. J. Merryman's farm, Nixon Springs, Tenn.

Mrs. Martha E. Holden, known as "Amber" to newspaper readers, is dead in Chicago from cancer.

Four outlaws held up fifteen people and robbed them of \$200 in Senator Rogers' store at Kiatook, Ind. Ter.

George Porter, a New York commission man, committed suicide in Brooklyn jail, because arrested for a trifling forgery.

Ambassador Bayard believes the Venezuela trouble will be settled before Justice Brewer's boundary commission can act.

Fifty Southern tobacco manufacturers met at Danville, Va., and formed an association which is really a trust.

Marshall Tilghman spotted Bill Doolin, the Indian Territory outlaw, in a Eureka Springs, Ark., barber shop and captured him single handed.

Anna Royster committed suicide at the Midland hotel, Omaha. Her father recently killed Banker McFarland at Boone, Ia., for her seduction.

The engagement of ex-President Harrison and Mrs. Dimmock has been formally announced to take place after Lent.

Miss Katharine, eighth daughter of Chief Justice Fuller, will be married to a Mr. Beecher, of Buffalo, N. Y., a cousin of Henry Ward Beecher, February 17.

Stockholders of the Bank of Blue Valley, Hebron, Neb., have been ordered to pay back all dividends, and an assessment of 100 per cent for depositors' benefit.

New York city will not license a saloon within 200 feet of a church or school house, and it is proposed to build the latter so thick as to drive out the saloons entirely.

Senator Hale favors General Copping's confirmation as brigadier general despite A. P. A. opposition. Copping fought in thirty-one battles during the civil war and was wounded twice.

Robert R. Smith, express wagon driver, pleaded guilty at Colorado Springs to complicity in the \$16,000 Wells-Fargo express robbery in Grassy Gulch and was given six years. Smith implicated George Smith, recently killed at Victor, Gray and Welch, who broke jail, and a man named Maye.

Dr. Jameson will be tried in England.

Ohio Supreme court holds that a woman cannot be a notary public.

Frederick Wynaik, a Guthrie, Ok., farmer, was assassinated in his yard.

One thousand families are destitute in Newfoundland.

Cost of living in Havana has advanced 50 per cent.

Warrants are out for thirty whitecaps about Marion, Ky.

Iowa's delegation in Congress are unitedly booming Allison for the presidency.

City bank of Minneapolis, Minn., suspended.

Hereafter there will be no feeding of cattle on board cars between Chicago and New York.

Four hundred men employed by Armour & Co., cutting ice on Cedar Lake, Iowa, are on a strike.

Iowa Republicans again chose Allison to represent them in the United States Senate.

The Benedict Paper Company, wholesale paper dealers of Kansas City, Mo., have failed for \$60,000.

The senate finance committee is tied on the tariff bill and the vote of Senator Jones of Nevada will decide the matter.

Texas cattlemen do not fear Mexican competition, but are down on the Chicago stock yards for its terminal charges.

Bank of Wauweta has closed, making the third Nebraska bank to go under within a week.

Attorney general of Illinois is after the linseed oil trust.

Mississippi and Maryland have a senatorial deadlock.

Cherokee Bill has been sentenced to die St. Patrick's day.

Germany is beginning to feel American competition in manufactured goods.

Congressman Johnson of Indiana is against Harrison for president.

Liabilities of Keep, Sutterlee & Co., Philadelphia, leather dealers, foot up \$4,000,000.

Gomez and his army were twice repulsed by Spanish arms in an attack on Bejical.

William Witland, teller of the failed Grangers' bank at San Francisco, played the races \$11,800 worth, and is a defaulter to the bank in that sum.

General Booth of the Salvation Army, has commanded his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth, to resign their American leadership in March.

Premier Greenway carried the election in Manitoba. The vote was practically unanimous against interference of the Dominion government with Manitoba's school laws.